New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Declined

President Harding and Secretary Hughes are to continue the policy they have steadily pursued with respect to the Genoa conference.

So they decline to take part in the proposed attempt to resuscitate at The Hague the Genoa corpse. They believe that diplomatic pulmotors can be put to better use. As projected, the Hague postscript was merely a derivative of the Genoa conference, possessing no more authority than its parent body and afflicted with the same fatal weaknesses. If there is to be another international gathering a fresh start is necessary.

If a fresh start is made it is scarcely necessary, so far as Russia is concerned, to have protracted deliberations by experts. What is necessary to know is already known. Russia can make no beginning toward recovery until she gets rid of Bolshevism. Does she intend to do it? Will she give assurances that henceforth the rights of men to wealth that they create are to be respected?

There is thus far no evidence of this. So what's the use of never-ending debates over questions that are secondary?

An Illusion of Hope

Quite naturally the Democrats, who took possession of the government in 1912 because of the Republican split, are trusting devoutly that something of a similar sort may happen this autumn. Democratic leaders have wistfully fixed their gaze on every incipient third-party movement that has sprung up, hoping that it might be the genesis of a great revolt against the Administration.

In every case they have been disappointed. The Farmer-Labor party collapsed two years ago. An attempt in Kansas to incubate an agricultural party has been an utter failure. Wherever an attempt has been made to organize discontent it has resulted in disaster to the organizers.

Perhaps La Follette, Hiram Johnson and William E. Borah would be glad to oblige the Democrats by forming a new party which would draw support from the Republicans. But La Follette has neither strength nor following outside of Wisconsin, while Johnson and Borah, though they made serviceable Roosevelt lieutenants, have both proved their inability to become national leaders.

What the Democratic trouble makers seem unable to understand is that the reason for the Progressive movement was largely Theodore Roosevelt. Without him there could have been no Progressive party. It was a Roosevelt party, vital as long as he led it and dead when he returned to the Republican fold. Had he not been its candidate in 1912 it would not have carried a single state in the Union.

Johnson and Borah knew this in 1916. When Roosevelt refused to run they put the Progressive party out of business, and it has been out of business ever since. Nothing like it will return in 1924.

The next Presidential campaign will be fought between the two great parties—the Republicans standing on the record of their party and the Democrats, for want of any more recent issue, on the record of Woodrow Wilson.

Differences that arise meanwhile will be fought out in the primaries, as they were in Indiana and are about to be in Pennsylvania. There is no revolt within the Republican party, and only from Republican defection could be recruited any political movement which would serve Democratic desires.

The Liberian Receivership

The credit of $5,000,000 which President Harding has asked Congress to authorize for Liberia is to fulfill an engagement entered into by President Wilson in 1918 and which has so far remained unfulfilled. America's interest in Liberia is largely sentimental, dating back a hundred years to the early attempts to return freed slaves to Africa. American institutions were nominally transplanted to Liberia and have been nourished by American missionaries ever since. But following the Civil War we lost interest in Liberia and declined responsibility. As the politics of the European system extended to Africa, Liberia was threatened with absorption by the neighboring European colonies, but not until the danger became acute did we notice it. A commission was appointed by President Roosevelt in 1909 to investigate conditions with a view to granting credits, and from that time on there was a revived interest on the part of our government.

When, in 1918, Liberia joined the Allies President Wilson promised, under his emergency powers, to make a loan of $5,000,000. Why has never been adequately explained, although it is said that Liberia's resources in oils and certain special products were thought to be of value in the prosecution of the war.

The money, however, has never been paid. The promise having been made, it is difficult to see how it can now be broken. It is unfortunate, however, that the terms under which it is now proposed to advance the money are such as to make the United States the receiver for Liberia and to establish a form of supervision that differs but little from a protectorate. Not only will the control of the customs be placed entirely in American hands, but American officers will reorganize the Liberian police force, and the American representatives may veto any legislation which may affect the finances of the country if passed.

Do we wish to expand into Africa? It is much to be doubted.

More Obstruction

Although in his latest attack on the Transit Commission Mr. Hylan refers only vaguely to a transit plan of his own, he still contrives to be misleading in his statements concerning it.

He makes a comparison of the commission's figures of $218,000,000 as the cost of purchase and extension of the transit lines with his own figures of $90,000,000, carefully neglecting to add that his own figures are merely the estimated cost of buying out and extinguishing the private capital now invested in the existing subways and provide for no extensions at all, whereas the sum mentioned by the Transit Commission is for subway extensions. The Mayor compares when there is no basis for comparison.

Where the Mayor gets his figures he does not indicate. He apparently derives them from the recapture clauses of the dual contract which give the city the privilege, if so it elects, to buy out the private companies by paying what they have invested, plus 15 per cent. It is highly probable that a valuation so arrived at is higher than the valuation which has been made tentatively by the Transit Commission. If analysis shows this to be the fact, then we have the spectacle of the Mayor offering to give more to the "interests" than the commission.

Before Mr. Hylan can put any plan into execution he must first secure the permission of the Legislature, which has taken all authority over the traction lines out of his hands. Grant for the sake of argument that this is possible, his method of procedure would naturally follow the method he has employed with the surface lines, which is to force them to break up into the constituent companies, with a resultant doubling of fares.

Mr. Hylan and his advisers are significantly silent about the five-cent fare in this latest pronunciamento. Somebody has evidently informed the Mayor that this subject should be avoided until he finds some way by which a five-cent fare can pay for a seven-cent ride.

The entire Hylan statement bears the marks of a clumsy attempt at further obstruction. It is merely a new method of blocking the first constructive attempt to settle the transit problem that has been put forward. Because this attempt is made by the Transit Commission, which is really able to succeed in it, he once more seeks to interpose foolish objections.

His object, of course, is political, but he will gain no political capital by continued delay in the remedying of a situation that is rapidly becoming more burdensome to every resident of New York City.

A College Town

The seventy-fifth anniversary of the College of the City of New York is a reminder of the long and honorable service of what is in fact merely the highest in grade of the public schools of New York. The "C. C. N. Y.," at first merely the "Free Academy," was many years ago developed into an institution of full collegiate rank, but it remains a public school. Cincinnati has also a municipal college, but other cities stop with the high school. That there is further need is shown by an attendance of students the third largest among the institutions of higher learning in the United States.

New York has supreme rank as a "college town"; in the number of institutions and in the number of instructors and students it has as marked a primacy as it has in population and wealth. The latest enumeration of American colleges and universities credits this city with fifteen institutions, the smallest having as many as 350 students and twenty instructors, while among them are the largest three in the entire list. The fifteen have a total enrollment of 68,168 students and 3,303 instructors, a showing approximated by no other city in America or in any other land.

Nor are the universities and colleges of New York noteworthy merely for their number and size. Their standards compare favorably with those of any other centers of learning. In the co-ordination of applied sciences with pure culture; in the elevation of schools of pedagogy, journalism, finance, commerce and what not to true university rank; in the development of evening classes, summer courses, extramural departments, and other devices for making university instruction and training more available to the masses of the people, New York has been and is to-day foremost.

Faults and imperfections and causes of complaint and criticism we have in superabundant measure. But we have also in New York much to be justly and honestly proud of, and among such things we must give high rank to our unrivaled array of colleges and universities, which make New York the greatest "college town" in the world.

Aerial Lighthouses

The erection of an aerial lighthouse at College Point forecasts the inevitable creation of a system of beacons to guide airships that fly by night. Although there has been but little commercial night flying in this country, new developments are hastening the time when it will prove easy and profitable. As one of the aids and incentives to night flying a system of lighthouses is necessary.

It has been estimated that good beacons, visible under favorable circumstances at a distance of twenty-five miles, should be placed about every thirty miles along the route, preferably on the highest visible ground. In this manner airplanes can follow a fairly broad channel with safety and avoid the confusion that often attends attempts to follow the thin and almost imperceptible thread of a road or a stream.

Only in Europe has the use of lighthouses for commercial purposes been experimented with successfully. The London-Paris route now is guided by big beacons, one at Croydon, outside London, one on the British coast of the Channel, one on the French coast, and one at the landing field of Le Bourget, outside of Paris.

These lights, though somewhat different from those which it is proposed to install in this country, have demonstrated the practicability of lighting air routes. Sooner or later America will have to follow the European example.

For all air transportation where high speed is essential the development of night routes will be a great boon. Mail shipped in New York by 5:30 p. m. by train is at present transferred to airplanes early the next morning at Cleveland and reaches Chicago before noon. With night flying over a well illuminated route, mail posted an hour later could be delivered by 9 o'clock the next morning in Chicago.

The new aerial lighthouse at College Point is merely the first in a series that will eventually light air land routes as the old lighthouses on sea and land now chart the ocean coast lanes. Fingers of light piercing the air and flashing identifying signals will guard the man-birds home.

A Pioneer of Parks

It is scarcely creditable to New York that the centenary of the birth of Frederick Law Olmsted passed by almost unnoted. Yet this man did real work. A New Englander by birth and by residence for many years, he was national in the scope of his interests and activities; yet in a peculiar sense he was identified with New York, for here was seen the first of his great achievements.

After he had been enriched by long study and extensive travels for observation he came to New York, to be the chief creator of Central Park and for most of its first twenty years its responsible director. Since then there have been made some larger urban parks, though none so completely within the very heart of a great city, and some which rival, if they do not surpass, it in beauty. But sixty years ago Central Park stood easily supreme among distinctively intra-urban pleasure grounds.

The second of his great works was the park system of Boston, including the Fens, the Arnold Arboretum and Franklin Park—a system which many regard as unsurpassed in the whole world. The third was, of course, his great share, in conjunction with Daniel H. Burnham and others, in creating the marvelous "White City" of the Columbian World's Fair at Chicago. These three achievements alone would give him foremost rank among those who elevated landscape architecture to its proper place among the fine arts. There were other contributions to his time—his shrewd studies of life before the Civil War in the cotton states of the South and his indefatigable labors during the Civil War for the organization and conduct of the Sanitary Commission, which was the precursor of the Red Cross. These and many other things filled an exceptionally busy and versatile life.

New York, as it sees what Central Park means for health, for pleasure, and for sheer beauty, may well remember with gratitude the services and the personality of Frederick Law Olmsted and wish that he were still with us to help on the great transformation of New York's environment which the Sage Foundation is seeking to further.

Free Hides and Shoes

Chairman Fordney, not commonly rated as tainted with free trade ideas, put hides and shoes on the free list of his tariff bill.

Then the farm bloc hammered on the door of the Senate committee, demanding duties on hides. The committee promptly did as it was told. On the next train arrived the shoe manufacturers, saying that the hide duty not only meant the loss of their foreign trade, but also a loss of the home market unless a countervailing duty on shoes were imposed. The argument was irresistible and an ad valorem of 40 per cent was written into the bill.

Now comes another shift. The farm bloc has become persuaded that to pay $2 more for a pair of shoes will lose them more than the hide duty will bring to them. So both duties are to go, and Senator Lodge and the shoe manufacturers of Massachusetts are pleased, for their foreign trade will be saved.

The incident is another argument for the postponement of the enactment of a permanent tariff. Neither the farmers of America nor the ranchers of Argentina nor the shoemakers of Lynn know the conditions of the early future. Production throughout the world is still abnormal. There are surpluses in some places and dearths in others. As it is with respect to shoes and hides so it is as to other commodities. The time is one that demands waiting before leaping.

One of the drawbacks of living in New York is the necessity of going to the polls every little while and defeating William Randolph Hearst for some office or other.

As far as we can make out, the net result of the Genoa conference is an offer from Russia to pay her debts if somebody will give her the money to pay them with.

When transit matters are up every meeting of the Board of Estimate is a block party.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

Emancipated

Since the days of the earliest Mings
(I do not remember the dates,
But they were world famous Kings
Who got out the vases and plates),
When a maiden of China appeared at her door
With horror the people would shiver,
And she never was seen anywhere any more
For they chucked her at once in the river.

No lady was tempted to roam
Very far from her own native lea,
For a young woman's place was the home
In the land of the heathen Chinee.
And in order to keep her completely discreet
And proof to all wayward suggestion,
They took silken ribbon and bound up her feet
So that walking was out of the question.

But China has seen a great light—
The men have all cut off their queues
And the maidens jazz round all the night
To the tune of the "Howang Ho Blues."
They powder their faces and carmine their lips—
No longer to men they are martyrs.
They even break speed laws on motor car trips
With handsome young traveling Tartars.

They are shocked that such customs should be.
The solemn old Mandarins are.
They say that their girls are too free
And have gone altogether too far.
They have got all the moralists gaping aghast,
But if indiscretion may claim them,
When we think how their grandmothers lived in the past
It seems a bit cruel to blame them.

Understandable

It may be that Liberty bonds have been duplicated, but nobody ever duplicated any of those German bonds that sold around here in 1914.

Unfit for a Slogan

No candidate for the Presidency of the Irish Republic will ever be elected on the issue: "He kept us out of war."

The Obstacle

Prosperity will come back as soon as they take the peak of high prices out of the way.

(Copyright by James J. Montague)

Wait

(From The Baltimore Sun)

The most remarkable thing about the rapid spread of radiophones is that it has occurred without a law forbidding it.

The Tower

IN THE ACCEPTED MANNER

Cold harnessed sentry, watching by the sea,
Sublime and arrogant, you warn each cloud
With challenge of your tower's majesty,
Upraised like lances, truculent and proud;
Filled with the mutter of a thousand speeches
That sound the laudamus of endless toil,
With piers enormous masking silver beaches
And palaces that house the Old World's spoil.
Oh, awe-inspiring, fecund human hive,
Through whirling steam your million rooftops gleam,
And on your streets a swarming people strive
To build reality to match a dream.
Incarnate majesty and endless power,
Tremendous bridges vault your waterways;
Wealth shouts to Commerce from your every tower;
The roar of traffic chants your hymn of praise.
You pause, and all the earth is filled with fear;
You speak, and far-flung nations hear your voice.
Your lips are lustful, yet your eyes are clear;
You know the lash of woe, yet you rejoice.
Bright, insolent, omnipotent you stand,
Embodied youth; desire personified;
The avatar of this half-wakened land,
A child in hope—a king in haughty pride.
Oh, warden at the sea gate of a world,
Who keeps a treasure you alone may give,
The glowing dawn is but your flag, half furled—
But gosh! You are a rotten place to live!

It mightn't be a bad idea to let both Mayor Hylan and Mr. McAneny go ahead and build all the subways they want to.

This suggestion is made despite the fact that Sorzano remarks caustically: "I note that you have abandoned the usual Daily Dozen for a morning Hylan fling.

Those who contend that newspaper work makes cynics of its addicts are referred to a Columbia School of Journalism form letter which suggests: "If this notice is sent to the wrong address send us the correct one."

Even the above might not have shaken our belief that humanity is superpessimistic and oversophisticated if the same mail had not brought an excerpt from The Tower with the following:

"Dear Sir: If there is anything coming to me for sending you this clipping please mail me a check and oblige ——."

At Least a Gallon a Mile

Sir: Having equipped my flivver with nine different devices, each guaranteed to reduce gasoline consumption 25 per cent, how much gas should I find in the tank after going from Dobbs Ferry to New York, assuming, of course, that I start with the tank empty?

FRANK OSBORN.

Rudyard Kipling writes verse these days as though he were trying to write like Rudyard Kipling.

The Seats of the Masculine

Sir: The Tribune asks editorially "Why is Whalen?"

Well, why is he?

The Honorable Commissioner now turns his attention from plant and structures to human structures. The dark visage of this defender of the fair sex grows yet darker at their lament "that on the municipal ferryboats men occupy the women's cabins to their exclusion, each man taking up enough space to seat two women." Yet it is a well-known anatomical fact that the sitting-down woman occupies one and one-quarter times the space that a man does.

Nor is the average man addicted to the pernicious habit of reserving seats for friends or bundles. The Whalen-harassed male Staten Islander always deposits his bundle decently on the floor, be it a ventilated box of live chickens, a bundle of trees, a lawnmower or a new hatrack.

The Commissioner might like to add these signs to his already large collection—masterpieces of ingenuousness and courtesy—that are placarded all over the ferryboats:

READ THIS SIGN. Passengers must not get off the boat before it reaches the slip.

LOOK HERE. Passengers must not touch the propeller while boat is under way.

THIS MEANS YOU. The department is not responsible for passengers who keep one foot on the dock when the boat leaves the slip.

TO EMPLOYEES. Employees must not do any work while boat is under way or while it is tied up in the slip.

LOU.

"You can drink milk without fear of headache, backache or sleeplessness," proclaims an advertisement. We are willing to sign a testimonial that while imbibing it we have never found cause to shudder over the imminence of warts or housemaid's knee, either.

Bring Your Psychological Rating

BIG MONEY FOR AGENTS.—Boys or girls from 10 to 60 years will do, selling something new. Address Agent Supply, 1135 Barnum ave., Bridgeport, Conn.—*New Haven Register.*

"No curiosity seekers desired" announces a sign on Park Row. So, instead of going in, we spent part of yesterday's noon hour watching the hunger seekers pouring into the lunch rooms.

The Genoa conference is going to move to The Hague. The diplomats who are to settle the fate of the world evidently believe in Seeing Europe First.

F. F. V.

WAITING FOR AN EMERGENCY

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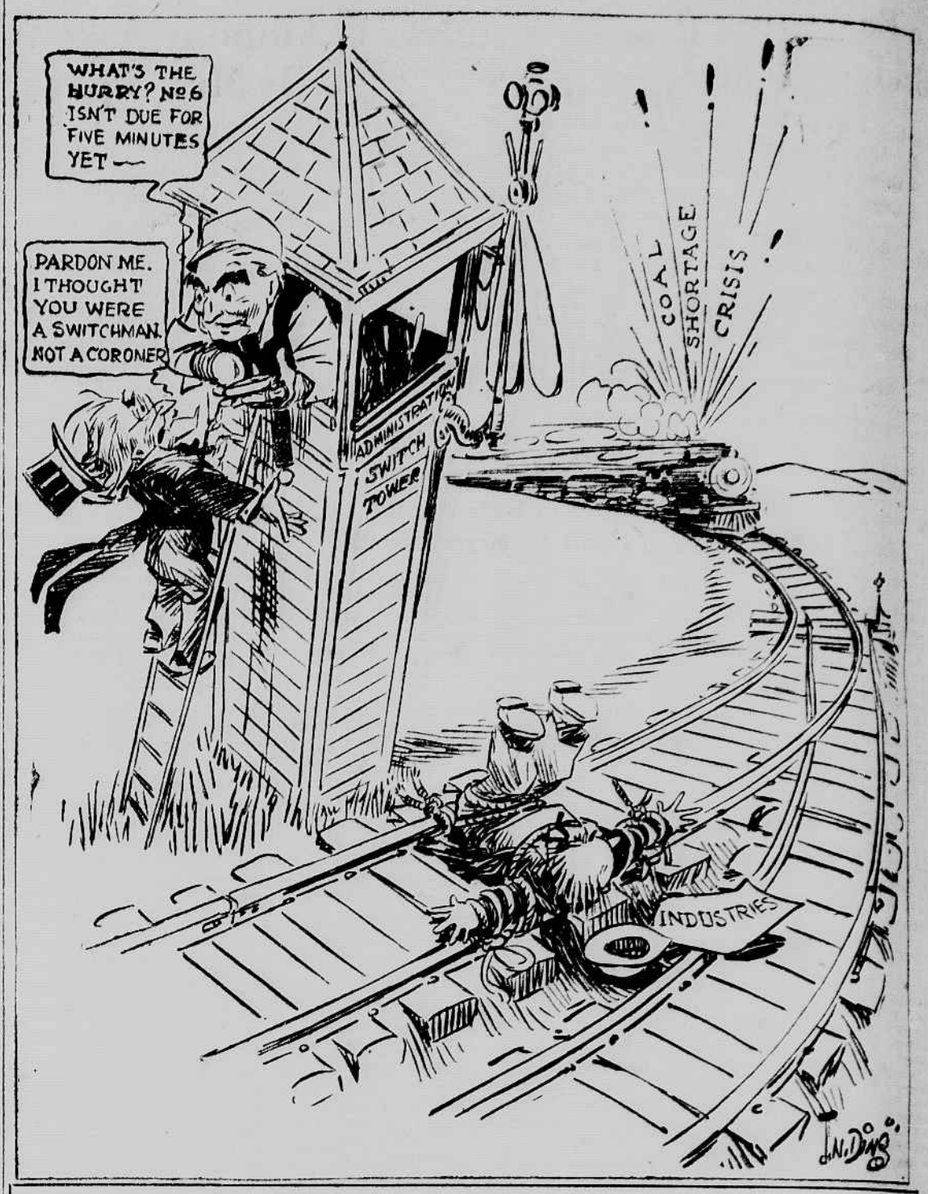

Books By Percy Hammond

The heart of Mark Sullivan beats so ardently in admiration of the recent Washington conference that he, as much as any other historian, regards with gloomy disapproval the conduct of the French in that momentous parliament.

Mr. Sullivan, as you know, is a distinguished scholar in and commentator upon the affairs of the world. As the Washington correspondent of "The New York Evening Post" he is gifted with the earnest soul of the wise historian, as well as with the keen eye and persuasive stylus of the great reporter.

He can extract from the pastures of Mr. Hughes's spacious and varying whiskerage acute symbols of that diplomat's state of mind. In M. Briand's agonized reiteration of "La France! La France!" he can hear a just explanation of pernicious, warlike doctrines. Mr. Sullivan is able to record with equal authoritativeness the facts that Mr. Hughes slept soundly the night before he obliterated the navies and that beneath the fragrance of Mr. Balfour's charming urbanity there lurked, in the secret sessions of the conference, some venomous thorns. The potent X-rays of Mr. Sullivan's equipment empower him to penetrate with proficiency the secret walls of public diplomacy as well as its open spaces. I chatter thus doxologic about Mr. Sullivan's accomplishments because in Paris during the peace conference I observed him, most enviously, operating as one of the three or four American correspondents who were not a humiliation to American journalism.

* * *

In "The Great Adventure at Washington" Mr. Sullivan contemplates the inimical deportment of the French as the more or less explicable misbehavior of a spoiled child who has been abused. Or as a haughty pensioner hospitable to alms though hostile to the almsgiver. Mr. Sullivan seems to remark with Olivia "How apt the poor are to be proud," if not to agree with that sagacious lady in her belief that if one is to be a prey how much the better to fall before the lion than the wolf. Mr. Frank Vanderlip said it more harshly in a recent volume when he ventured the suspicion that no matter how numerous the French ships nor how valiant and populous the French army the Germans, in view of their prowess in the first World War, would certainly beat them, unless they (the French) had the aid of many others.

* * *

Mr. Sullivan deplores the petty sensitiveness of the French at the Washington conference. Exhibitions of this childishness began with the first plenary session, when Briand found himself sitting at a place not sufficiently conspicuous. As Colonel Repington reported it, "They were furious that they were not sitting at the top table, and Jusserand was white and clenched his fists."

The disposition of seats was in accordance with ingenuous Washington study of etiquette in the textbook "How to Behave," and no insult was intended. The arrangement was amended at once, but, Mr. Sullivan says, there was something grotesque in the fact that men like Hughes, Balfour, Kato and the others, engaged as they were upon one of the greatest adventures in altruism in history, should be compelled at all times to keep their brains alert under apprehension lest their immense task be imperiled by an excessively sensitive *amour propre* on the part of the French.

* * *

The French, he says, "seemed constantly on the lookout for slights." They held their hurt feelings up for further wounds. The infantile chip was constantly upon their shoulder, anxious to be knocked off. They sulked about the stereotyped way in which they were disposed of at unofficial dinner parties; and they deported themselves generally as a ravished flapper (the figure is mine), blaming the world for her misfortune and accusing it of unsympathetic indignities therefor. They seemed, Mr. Sullivan says, "a little ridiculous," and, I think he meant, a little pathetic. "The delegates of France," he asserts, "never seemed to share the spirit of the conference. In their self-centered intentness upon their *amour propre* they were cut off from the emotions of exaltation that gripped the conference and the world. When the whole world was star-eyed in pursuit of the great adventure the delegates of France were thinking of their place at the table!"

* * *

They were, of course, thinking of more than that, as Mr. Sullivan admits when he suggests the terror of France for the brooding Hun; of its horror of that vengeful day when the now docile Uhlan will be sufficiently convalescent to puncture again with his cruel lance the white throat of earth's most beautiful and most helpless belle. Mr. Sullivan finds excuse for France's open pores in the fact that an American President's solemn promise, with Great Britain, to protect her from further rapine and violation was pooh-poohed by an American Senate.

* * *

Mr. Sullivan indicts the French at the Washington conference on the following counts:

They prevented a consideration of the land armaments.

They took a position about capital ships that would have made the conference a complete failure had it not been for Mr. Hughes's sinewy diplomacy.

They made any limitation on the quantity of submarines impossible.

They made a limitation on the quantity of auxiliary craft impossible.

* * *

They desired, you may glean from Mr. Sullivan's impressions, "to rustle in unpaid-for silks;" to assess the cosmos in remuneration for their downtrodden pride and aspirations. To demand payment, though Mr. Sullivan does not say so, of Russia's debts to France, and to suggest in the same breath that their own debts to America be forgot. There was a cablegram in yesterday's Tribune, by the way, which contained the following explanatory news:

PARIS, May 14.—A sad echo of the war is found in a communication sent yesterday by the Mayor of the Commune of Moronvilliers to the Prefecture of Rheims. This message from an official of the town which was the scene of some of the worst fighting in 1917 dealt with the regional council elections held throughout France to-day. It said, laconically: "The Commune of Moronvilliers cannot apply the electoral law because of the lack of inhabitants."

Owing to the devastation of war the commune is uninhabited and the Mayor himself lives in a neighboring town.

* * *

Mr. Sullivan's history treads so closely upon the heels of the events it satisfactorily describes that it is handicapped by its propinquity to its subject. Were it not done with such "order and sequence" and with such intimate, vivid and illuminating honesty it would be as passé as yesterday's newspaper. Mr. Sullivan's portrait, for instance, of the President (Harding) making his modest exit from the conference after his address to it is more informative than all the rotogravures. And what cinema could reproduce as Mr. Sullivan does in printed words the tragic physiognomy of Earl Beatty as he is informed by a casual bewhiskered American Secretary of State that Great Britain has been dismissed as mistress of the seas? Personally, I deemed myself, until last night, fed up with peace conferences and the printed reports of them by journalists. But having, with a little desperate reluctance, picked up Mr. Sullivan's "The Great Adventure at Washington," I read every word on its interesting pages before I put the volume down, a few minutes ago. Not that it matters.

What Readers Say

Objects to "Fosterism"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: With reference to your editorial "Fruits of Fosterism," which I think as an editorial might well have been much stronger, may I inquire if, in your opinion, it is quite a proper and an altogether agreeable thing to designate the theories or system this man stands for by a name which, whether rightly or wrongly his, is also the name of thousands of citizens of this country?

The Foster family name is one of America's oldest. Why throw mud on it? This man's system is Bolshevism, isn't it, and not Fosterism? If his name were Harding would you call it "Hardingism"? M. G. FOSTER.

New York, May 12, 1922.

The New England Conscience

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I come of undiluted New England stock; have, I hope, inherited a conscience, but not that stern sense of duty, to which Dr. Riggs refers, for it is unsoftened by the gentle light of understanding, lacks the mellowing influence of humor, and expresses itself by holding not only one's own nose (!) but everybody else's to the grindstone.

A good thing may be so exaggerated that it becomes warped. If you stand up too straight you bend over backward. Then you're crooked.

MARJORIE DIVEN.

New York, May 12, 1922.

The Parade Barrier

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It is my privilege to be in business, and I am proud to announce that my work keeps me so well occupied that I do not have time to stand on the Fifth Avenue curb at any hour of any day to view a parade.

Of course, I realize that it is my misfortune to find it necessary to cross the avenue during a parade, but there are undoubtedly other unfortunates, and I feel certain that some of them will agree to the suggestion that a few subterranean passages between Washington Square and Fifty-ninth Street would prove time-saving. This is not a new idea, but why wait until the twenty-first century?

CONSCIENTIOUS WORKER.

New York, May 13, 1922.